Screaming Pumpkins

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Screaming Pumpkins

by TCbook

Summary

Peek a boo!!

Notes

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!

I hope you all enjoy this little story, Abby is 2 years old here!

Some warning: there's a part which contains male lactation, no kink, just feeding the baby.

Thanks to my lovely beta @victorine who is amazing.

In some part you will find a [Play] is for you to play this song
https://youtu.be/DUmq1cpcglQ

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Кричащие тыквы by Krayn_Aletale

“Pumkiins!” The two year old Abigail pointed happily to the pile.

“Yes love, pumpkins. We should buy a couple to make lanterns, don’t you think Hannibal?”

“Indeed, that would be a good touch for our porch,” Hannibal said, inspecting the bright orange ones, selecting a couple and passing them to his mate.

They did the same every second Saturday of the month, visit the local farmers market.

Hannibal started to argue with a beta farmer about the quality of his products. It went on for a while - though it felt like seconds to Hannibal, it actually took more than ten minutes. After finally agreeing on the price Hannibal took his bags and turned to keep walking among the sea of alphas, betas and omegas buying in the market, absently stretching a hand to take the stroller, but it wasn’t there anymore.

“Abby? Will?!” Hannibal said, slightly concerned, the fear bubbling inside his chest changing the chemical composition of his scent in less than a second.

Somehow, during the discussion with the farmer, he let go of the stroller handle to pick some of the fruits he was so interested in getting a great deal for.

Hannibal tried to calm himself, fidgeting for his phone only to remember it was inside his shoulder bag, the one comfortably perched in the back of the now missing stroller. He let out a very soft cry for his alpha, clouded with the anguish flowing in bloody rivers through his body.

[play]

“My baby! Alpha, alpha! Will? Where is my baby? Abby!” Hannibal cried in husky voice, dropping everything behind him, trying to get the faintest trace of the scent of his family.

The ideas started coming to him as quickly as he found out his family was not there: he was going to find whoever took them from him and peel them alive just to make them scream and lose all their scent glands before cooking them in a low fire.

Hannibal then started whimpering and running beside the people walking inside the market, some of them noticing the scent of distress in this tall and broad omega who looked under the tables and at every person passing by him, scanning their faces only to find something suspicious.

He would brew them in liqueur, keeping them alive as long as possible, from experiencing themselves going blind in alcohol, to later making them flambee before glazing them in burning sugar, making the meat fall off their bones while their internal organs still worked.

Hannibal was now roaming the little alleys between the tables, sniffling the air, still trying to scent Will or Abby. The time already felt endless; he was starting to look at everyone like they were guilty, when a tiny cry for help caught his ear. The cry of Abby when she wanted something. The cry of his baby for him.

Hannibal saw red, promising himself to bite the throat of whoever took his baby, HIS, the fruit of his love, the only baby he could conceive with his mate after so long. Hannibal followed the noise to the exit of the corn maze to the parking lot, moving the plants to finally catch his breath with a loud gasp.

“ABBY!” Hannibal was on the verge of crying; Will was carrying her while pushing the stroller outside the maze.

“Hannibal! What happened?” Will asked, immediately scenting the distress on his mate, who started to check and scent his baby until she started to purr and stir from her nap.

“Papa papa!” Abby cried, stretching her little limbs, asking for food and comfort.

“Oh Will, how could you just disappear from my side?! And not say anything! I was so frightened, I thought something happened to you, that someone took Abby and I started to look for you and nothing! I couldn’t scent you, I couldn’t call you! My phone is in the stroller bag! And I was screaming in the whole market for my baby and about to start looking at everyone like my last dinner!”

“My sweet, loving omega, you were ready to murder every single person in this market? I’m sorry, I told you I was taking the baby with me the second time you started to argue about truffles…” Will held Hannibal close, getting Abby pressed between their bodies.

“Let’s go home, it’s milk time for this little angel,” Hannibal said, finally settling his breath.

“Yah! Milk!” Abby rubbed her face against Hannibal’s chest knowing the source of her favorite treat while Will scented his neck.

They walked to the car, looking at all the pumpkins surrounding them.

“Hannibal, where are our bags?”

“Excuse me, I’m not catching you, what bags?”

“Our food.”

“…”

The bag was gone, at least few hundred dollars in organic vegetables were lost and the only thing they had were the couple of pumpkins resting in the trunk.

Hannibal silently handled the baby to his alpha before taking a big sharp knife out of the glove box and proceeding to stab, multiple times, the pumpkins they bought and all the other ones around their car, grunting and growling his anger out until there were more pumpkin guts over his clothes than on the ground.

Will watched as he walked off, looking for two equally round pumpkins to replace the murdered ones, retrieved the knife and returned to his place inside the car. Then they drove home.

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After changing clothes Hannibal fed Abby, in front of the chimney this time, rocking her softly while she fed from his milk until sated and asleep.

“Hannibal, we could go to the next state over to buy some vegetables tomorrow, would be a nice trip for Abby.” The alpha nuzzled Hannibal’s neck, watching him tuck their daughter inside her cot.

“This was the last one in this state, wasn’t it?”

“Yes… but maybe we could try going to the first one, maybe they don’t remember the man who flipped the spice table after discovering that the curry was not organic.”

“Yes, we could always try.” Hannibal purred the words and smiled, drawing Will in for a kiss. The bad day was over.

End Notes

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